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covered his health and spirits. In time, he would smile at his own conceits; and if any of his friends chanced to mention the cobbler, he contented himself by remarking, "*Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis sapit.*" R. A.

THE PLUNKET ARMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—Every one who contributes to the stock of historic material, by copying inscriptions or making sketches of the remains of by-gone ages, is entitled to the gratitude of his fellow men; and it is the duty of every lover of his country, to rescue from destruction any remains which throw a light on the acts of the olden time. Your ingenious correspondent, R. Armstrong, by the interesting sketch given in your 57th number, page 293, has placed in safety the memorial of a nobleman's marriage, which might be valuable in a legal, as well as a literary point of view; and he will not be offended at my correcting the erroneous conjectures into which he has fallen respecting the import of the arms sculptured on the stone, which have nothing whatever to do with the city of Dublin.

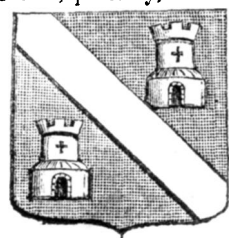
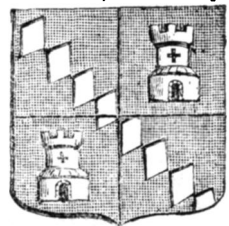
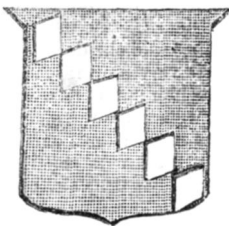
The arms represented are those of Christopher, Lord of Howth, who died 24th October, 1589, and of Elizabeth Plunket, his first wife, who was the daughter of Sir John Plunket, of Bewley, in the County of Louth. The arms on the sinister, or wife's side, are those of Plunket—sable, a bend, and in sinister chief a tower, argent; the letter C is the initial of Christopher, and E, of Elizabeth. This lady died many years before her husband, but was the mother of his children. By his second wife he had no issue.

It may not be unacceptable to state a few facts respecting the singular and somewhat odd changes which, in the lapse of ages, take place even in family arms, from accidental circumstances, so as even to render them totally different from what they originally were.

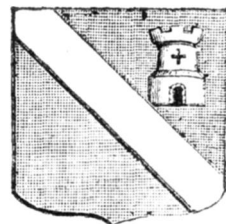
I have in my possession a copy of a very old MS. of the arms of the ancient families of Ireland, in which the arms of the Plunkets of Beaulieu, the head branch of that noble family, are represented as *sable, a bend of lozenges argent*, which are the arms of the ancient Plonkenets of England and Normandy; and Camden, who in his *Britannia*, mentions the Plunkets among the ancient families of Ireland, states that they bore the *bend of lozenges for arms*, as the old Plonkenets of England.

In the fifteenth century, Christopher Plunket, third son of Christopher, the first Lord Killeen, married the daughter and sole heir of Richard, third Earl of Kildare and Baron of Ophaley, by Anne, daughter and eventual sole heir of Sir Nicholas de Castlemartin Jere, of Dunsany, Croskyle, Dangen, &c. &c.; and having obtained the Castlemartin estate by this marriage, his son Richard Plunket, the second Lord Dunsany, quartered the arms of Castlemartin with his own, as in the margin. In process of time this marriage with the Castlemartins became forgotten, and although the arms, as here depicted, are emblazoned in the oldest books of heraldry of Ireland, the family know not why they bear the tower in their arms.

Some ancient stone fixed on the front, probably, of the castle of Dunsany, became defaced, and the divisions of the shield and the lozenges obliterated, so as to represent the bend as between two castles, and the arms as one field only, as in the margin; and thus the arms of Plunket appear in another sketch in an old MS. in my possession.



Time again interferes, and produces another change, by defacing the lower castle, and thus produced the arms of the Plunkets as now borne—*Sa: a bend, and in chief sinister a tower, argent.*



It is also a remarkable fact, that this bearing has been adopted by all the branches of the Plunkets, as well those descended from the family of Dunsany, as the Beaulieus, Louths, Killeens, (now Fingal,) &c. &c., whereas not one of them has the smallest pretension to quarter the arms of Castlemartin, and their adoption of the tower was altogether an assumption through inadvertence.

Stradbroke-House,
April 24, 1833.

W. BETHAM, Ulster.

THE ONE MYSTERY.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

'Tis idle:—we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain:
All-baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore:
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
Man knows no more!
Evoke the Ancient and the Past:
Will one illuming star arise?
Or must the film from first to last
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty wither,
Will wisdom's page or science' chart
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?
Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imaginations given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
O! sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?
And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to Glory's name?
And shall the conquering Love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?
No more, no more:—With aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but ONE voice, which only saith,
Endure,—adore!

CLARENCE.

It is with some pleasure that we have observed that the machine for compressing turf, of which we gave a plate and description in our 38th number, has been very warmly recommended by Sir Edward Lees, in a letter to the Secretary of the Dublin Royal Society, as calculated to be very serviceable to the peasantry of Ireland. It is to be hoped that the subject will attract general attention.

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